

# :- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

### Amazing Grace at Midnight

(By ELSIE SEE.)

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GRACE TRIGG was the only girl at the Luncheon Club who professed indifference for the Halloween frolic proposed by Mabel Craig.

"Oh, Grace, what has got into you? You used to be more fun than anybody!" Ada Green became impatient when all their pleadings for Grace's support proved in vain.

"I'm sorry if it peevish anybody," said Grace, "but I seem to have lost enthusiasm for spook feasts and fortune telling. It's so childish."

"Oh, hear the mighty highbrow speak!" said Ada Green, in pretended awe of Grace.

After the other girls left Mabel and Ada discussed Grace's indifference and concluded that it was born of bitterness caused by a recent quarrel with Stanley Price, to whom Grace had been almost engaged since their childhood when they had scaled the board fence separating their back yards and had made mud pies and played bean bag together. Neither of the girls had even a faint suspicion that Grace's seeming indifference was merely a ruse to throw them off their guard so that she might carry out her plan to surprise them in the midst of their Halloween frolic.

As for her quarrel with Stanley Price, Grace shrugged her shapely shoulders and said to herself that until he admitted the reasonableness of her determination to do one woman's share in the restaurant inspection being planned by the pure food committees of the various women's clubs, he could go in the direction of the bow-wows. There were plenty of good times to be had without him, and she meant to make Halloween the occasion of an unusually good time.

For the first week after their quarrel Stanley Price had been highly amused at Grace's air of haughty coldness as she would give him a barely recognizable greeting when they happened to be on their neighboring front porches at the same time. The second week even these chance greetings were lacking, as Grace was busy on the committee work and was too much occupied to tarry on the porch. She was a born housekeeper and inspecting those restaurant kitchens and making out her reports really absorbed her mind so much that she had little time left to plan her part in the Halloween party being arranged by the girls of the Luncheon Club. When a whole week passed without Stanley getting so much as a glimpse of Grace the situation began to lose its humor for him.

"Oh, bother those clubwomen for catching Grace in their net," muttered Stanley, as he paced his room and puffed a cigarette on the night of Halloween. "But even if they get her to dressing as they do in serge skirts and denim waists, I'll love her anyhow. I'm going over tonight, when Fate is supposed to be on the job, and offer to bury the hatchet."

He had not turned on the light in his room when he closed the hall door preparatory to dressing for his intended call his room was in darkness except for the faint light coming into his window from the porch light at the Trigg house next door. Just as Stanley's hand was on the switch by his chifftone a light flashed from John Trigg's directly opposite, and Stanley saw Grace and her younger brother laughing gleefully as she donned the coat of his dress suit and held up the trousers and found their length just right for her tall figure. Stanley's eyes were held by what he saw and his hand remained stationary without turning on the light. Grace

## TRIM, NOT PRIM, IS NEW TAILOR SUIT.



(By BETTY BROWN.)

Where is the simple tailored maid of a season ago? She is almost lost in the curves and fluffs of the new tailored frock, a thing of much fussiness. The new and ornate tailored suit is American, though it does suggest Paris, but it is from the American magazine of Modes, Fashion Art. I take the sketch that illustrates the new street suit.

removed the coat, threw the whole suit over her arm, and went laughing from the room. John Trigg's hand went to the switch and darkness followed.

Grace was evidently borrowing John's dress suit and Stanley reflected that it must be for some sort of frolic. Then he remembered Ada Green's chattering to him the day before about some affair a lot of girls were planning, and he surmised that Grace was preparing for that affair.

"By George! I'll waylay her if I'm arrested for it," said Stanley, and suddenly stopped short, struck with a new idea.

Half an hour later Stanley crept stealthily around the house from the rear and took up his position where he could watch the front door of the Trigg house without being seen. In the darkness his figure stood out as a fairly good imitation of a policeman, for he had on his portly father's long frock coat well padded with pillows and had his hat crown pushed up and its brim turned down to simulate a helmet.

He waited more than an hour before John Trigg and another tall person in man's attire emerged from the Trigg residence. That the other person was Grace, Stanley did not doubt for a moment. Even the raincoat that covered her dress suit did not disguise her beyond his recognition. He listened closely to what they were saying.

"I'll have a hurry, Sis," said John.

Pale tan velour trimmed with lustrous poutine is used and the effect is none too bold. The curious little undervert, not unlike a sweater, is fastened at one side, and opens, collar and all, at the other side.

The coat skirt falls in soft lines from the waist line, though I have exaggerated the flare a bit to show the correct width. Skirts have really dropped to somewhere about the ankles.

"I'm horribly late already for my engagement."

"All right," said Grace, giving a skip to keep pace with him. "You just leave me there at the entrance to Walton Place and I shan't be a bit afraid to go on to Ada's house. It's third from the entrance, and I'll probably have to wait ages outside the window."

Half an hour later Stanley crept stealthily around the house from the rear and took up his position where he could watch the front door of the Trigg house without being seen. In the darkness his figure stood out as a fairly good imitation of a policeman, for he had on his portly father's long frock coat well padded with pillows and had his hat crown pushed up and its brim turned down to simulate a helmet.

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down anyway before old Maggie can smuggle me in without the girls knowing it."

"So that's the game, is it?" said Stanley, as he half crawled along in the shadow of the house. Once in the back yard, though, he went out of the gate and up the alley in long, quick strides that soon put him a block nearer to the entrance of Walton place than John and Grace were.

When he reached the entrance Stanley hurried on to a thick clump of shrubbery in the yard adjoining Ada Green's. A few minutes later he heard John call out "So long" and almost immediately saw Grace meant to be a very bold one. When she reached the shrubbery Stanley walked out with an easy swing, carelessly twirling a short stick which served him for a policeman's club. In the darkness and stillness the appearance of this figure startled Grace too much for her to observe closely enough to penetrate even that poor disguise. She hesitated and thought herself lost as the big man stopped directly in front of her and gave a sort of salute with his club.

"I reckon you don't know there's a low forlorn woman on the streets in men's clothes," he said gruffly.

Not a word came in reply for Grace's tongue was powerless behind her tightly-pressed, drawn lips.

"Oh, well, don't scart," he said, patronizingly. "I'll see you safe home and we'll say no more about it." He took hold of her arm familiarly, but the next instant felt a stinging smack in his face from a small, but heavily gloved hand.

"How dare you!" Her voice fairly exploded in his ear.

"My word, Grace!" said Stanley, in his own voice. "I'll have to hold your hands if you use them like that, but I'll tell you why I dared, dear. Because I love you so much that I couldn't wait another minute to ask you to let bygones be gone and—"

And then the dim gas lamps in Walton place silhouetted the strange picture of a slender young man weeping on the shoulder of a fat policeman, who spoke very softly and patted the young man's shoulder lovingly.

The next day Ada Green rallied Grace about staying away from the party.

"I really did intend to come," said Grace, "but changed my mind at the eleventh hour."

Woman's Club Holds Regular Meeting

The regular general meeting of the Woman's club will be held on Friday afternoon of this week at the club apartments in the Watson hotel. An address by Miss Margaret Walker Jordan, trained nurse of the Consolidation Coal company, will feature the meeting as will reports from the Biennial convention at New York by members who attended. For various reasons, reports from the State convention which were also scheduled for this meeting have been transferred to a later date.

The program for the meeting which begins at 3 o'clock is as follows: Piano solo, Miss Helen Stevenson; Biennial reports; machinery of Biennial, Mrs. Edwin Robinson; personnel of Biennial, Mrs. J. Morton Black; reminiscences, Mrs. George T. Watson, Mrs. C. E. Hutchinson, Mrs. George DeBolt, Miss Sue Watson; address, Miss Margaret Walker Jordan; vocal solo, Mrs. E. C. Rowand.

Slap at College Professors. Crawford—"You seem to think that a college education doesn't fit one for the problems of life." Crabshaw—"I judge by the mess the average college professor makes of it when he undertakes to discuss public questions."—Life.

Improvement on Original. Hokus—"It's a good scheme, when you lose your temper, to count 100 before you speak." Fokus—"Pooh! If the other fellow is bigger than you are it's a better scheme to count about 10,000."

How School Teacher Warded Off Nervous Breakdown. Alburts, Pa.—"I am a teacher in the public schools and I got into a very nervous run-down condition. I could not sleep and had no appetite. I was tired all the time. My sister asked me to try Vinol. I did so, and within a week my appetite improved and I could sleep all night and now I feel well and strong."—ROSA M. KELLER, Alburts, Pa.

We guarantee Vinol, which contains beef and cod liver peptones, iron and manganese peptones, and glycerophosphates for all weakened run-down conditions and for chronic coughs, colds and bronchitis.

Crane's Drug Store, Prescription Pharmacy, Mannington.

## HEALTH HINTS

The living in the foul or vitiated air of a close room is harmful to health is proved by a simple observation of the faces of those stopping for long time, or habitually working in illventilated quarters.

Such faces will present a pale, gray sickly appearance, and it is a fact that they very rapidly acquire all sorts of infections. Tuberculosis is especially prevalent among such people.

The same thing is observed in the case of plants, which, if kept in a close room, especially where little light reaches them, soon lose their color and are destroyed by parasites. Exactly the same thing happens in the case of man.

Prisoners, unfortunate working people, living and laboring in large numbers in small and close quarters, waiters and similar employees are those in whom tuberculosis is most frequently found.

Close air, just as much as stagnant water, promotes the growth of dangerous microbes or germs and the chances of infection are greatly increased where a number of people are gathered to gether in such places.

Many of them may be suffering from infectious diseases of the nose, throat or lungs. They exhale and also eject by coughing or sneezing an enormous number of germs, which mingle with the air and multiply at their leisure in such close atmosphere.

This is especially so when they are assisted in their growth by the great prevalent in such places, particularly in winter time. Examinations of the air of such places in laboratories have shown an enormous number of dangerous germs.

It is to be wondered at them that people whose resistance has been lowered by living under such conditions contract tonsillitis, diphtheria, bronchitis or pneumonia.

Living in a close room will soon tell on the health and this is easily visible in the appearance of such persons.

## WOMAN CATCHES LARGE FISH.

HUNTINGTON, W. Va., Nov. 1.—It was left for a woman to prove that there are as good fish in the Ohio river as has ever been caught. Mrs. S. E. Sayre, a prominent woman of this city, hooked a white salmon 27 inches long and weighing seven pounds at Dam No. 23. It has been contended by anglers that the acids and other poisonous materials emptied into the Ohio river by mills and factories had killed off all of the fish.

First Principle of Effort. The great principle of effort is to endeavor to do, not what is absolutely best, but what is easily within our power and adapted to our temper and condition.—John Ruskin.

## GIRLS! ACT NOW! HAIR COMING OUT MEANS DANDRUFF

25-CENT "DANDERINE" WILL SAVE YOUR HAIR AND DOUBLE ITS BEAUTY

TRY THIS! YOUR HAIR GETS SOFT, WAVY, ABUNDANT AND GLOSSY AT ONCE

Sve your hair! Beautify it! It is only a matter of using a little Danderine occasionally to have a head of heavy beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, wavy and free from dandruff. It is easy and inexpensive to have pretty, charming hair all the time. Just get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine now—all drug stores recommend it—apply a little as directed and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance; freshness, fluffiness and an incomparable gloss and lustre, and try as you will you can not find a trace of dandruff or falling hair; but your real surprise will be after about two weeks' use, when you will see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—sprouting out all over your scalp. Danderine is, we believe, the only sure hair grower; destroyer of dandruff and cure for itching scalp and it never fails to stop falling hair at once.

If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits everyone who tries this.

## CITY POINT SCHOOL REPORT

Following is the school report of the principal's room of City Point school: Enrollment, 84; per cent of attendance, 95. The following were perfect in attendance: Elsie Abel, Mary Fraze, Helen Hawn, Bessie Sythe, Sophia Mozula, Lucy Saccomen, Sam Demeria, Harold Hawn, Everett Knight.

Archie Morehead, Lawrence Stewart, John Scrivo, Mike Demaria. Parents are requested to visit our school, John W. Clark, principal.

Vote to break up the partnership between bootlegging and the law. Vote for the Republican county ticket.

Osgood's for Quality

An assortment of new

## White Hats!

Shown here of correct style, made up of

White, Panne Velvet, White Erect Pile Velvet, White Hatters Plush.

Sailors, Tricorns, Turbans

\$3.75, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$7.50, \$10.00

Osgood's for Quality

ANNOUNCE the arrival of

## New Coats!

Just unpacked. Wonderful velvet velours, wool velours, bolivias and broadcloths. All have the new swagger sweep. Extreme long collars and other wantable features, colors are wine, plum, brown, black, green, and the prices are very modest.

\$19.75, \$25.00, \$29.75.

## New Treatment for Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh and Head Colds

Vick's "Vap-O-Rub" Salve Relieves by Inhalation and Absorption.

No Dosing. No need to take internal medicines or habit forming drugs for these troubles. When Vick's "Vap-O-Rub" Salve is applied to the chest, it soothes, mediates vapors are released, that are inhaled and all night long through the air passages to the lungs. In addition, Vick's is absorbed through the skin, relieving the tightness and soreness.

Vick's can be applied over the throat and chest and covered with a warm flannel cloth—or a little put up the nostrils—melt a little in a spoon and inhale the vapor arising. Also for Asthma and Hay Fever, rub Vick's well over the spinal column night long through the air passages to the lungs.

VICK'S "VAPORUB" SALVE

Quality Purity Accuracy Safety

The four elements of successful medicines guaranteed by our label on your prescriptions.

Mountain City Drug Co.

Opposite Court House

## CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

"True to her promise Mary Madden turned in her two weeks' notice, and consternation reigned in the company. I wish," said Paula, "that I could make every stake struck girl understand the uncertainty of the theatrical game."

"We had rehearsed 'The One Ho Chose' four weeks without pay, and were to play only two weeks because of the loss of Miss Madden. My \$60 for these two weeks had to do for the six weeks, making my pay only \$10 a week, upon which I could not possibly live and pay for my costumes."

"I was in the clough of despair. I was not sure that the man with whom I was desperately in love cared for me at all, and it looked as though my engagement was going to stop."

"Margie, there are as many false ideas in this world about the way to success as there are about the path to love. Today I am almost a fatalist, although then I was absolutely convinced that I could have anything I wanted in this world provided I wanted it mad enough."

"Time, my dear, has considerably modified that theory. I know now that Olive Schreiner is right in saying 'you want and want and want for things. You think you can't live without them, and just when you realize you do not want them any more, they drop into your lap.'"

"I thought I wanted my part of Elga, but now I realize I only wanted to appear to Ernest Lawton. The difference between men and women, Margie, is this: Men do great things for women; women attempt great things because of men."

"Now, I said to myself, 'all is over. I will have to go about and haunt the offices of the dramatic agencies again. I will have to—' Margie, did you ever stare starvation in the face? At the moment I heard that Mary Madden had given in her notice I was looking into the empty eyes of hunger and cold. Terror that caused physical anguish came to me that day. I could not eat—could not think. My busy brain ran far ahead when I was without physical, mental or spiritual sustenance."

"Ernest Lawton assured me that

there was no need to fear. 'There is no leading lady so good,' he said, 'that you cannot find another to take her place.' But I knew he, too, was worried, as he hardly spoke to me the next two or three days."

"Strange, isn't it, Margie, that when a man's reputation or business is jeopardized all his emotional affairs sink into the background, and the more a woman's work in the world or her reputation is assailed, the more her feelings go out to the man she loves."

"He may be the cause of her ruined reputation—the one who has made work impossible for her—and yet her heart aches for his comforting word."

"It is just this, Margie, a million things compensate a man for loss of love, but nothing on earth means anything to a woman if love passes."



LIZZIE TAYLOR

If 13-year-old Lizzie Taylor, of Columbus, O., is cured from diphtheria, the question as to what cured her—medicine or prayer—will rise.

Her parents, members of Holy Roller mission, refused medical treatment until forced by the board of health to accept it.

Physicians are now giving the girl medicine, while her parents are praying for her health.

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(THIS ACTRESS MUST HAVE A GREAT DRAWING POWER.)—BY ALLMAN.

